


THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

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**Big Fish Jumps Into Skiff.**

While Ira Russell and Miss Helen Plumb were out trolling at Hopkins Point on the St. Lawrence river, near Baltimore, recently a large sturgeon suddenly jumped into their skiff and nearly capsized it. The boat, being an extremely light one, without ribs, cracked under the weight of the big fish, which floundered from one end of the craft to the other. Mr. Russell in trying to kill the fish with one of the oars, accidentally broke a hole through the skiff and it began to fill rapidly with water.

Their only salvation then was to reach shore before the boat could go down. They had nothing with which to bail out the water, but Miss Plumb, alive to the desperate situation, removed one of her shoes and bailed out the skiff, while Mr. Russell pulled for the shore. They reached shallow water before their boat sank. The sturgeon measured four feet six inches in length and weighed four-four pounds.

Watch for a town, Congress Heights, D. C.

**Kept Socialist from Speaking.**

A socialist member of the Italian parliament chamber, who recently announced his intention of delivering an address in the town hall at Rosiglione, was prevented from doing so by the cure of the town assembling all the women of the congregation in the hall, completely filling it. Every time the member tried to speak the women, at the instigation of the priest, began to chant hymns and psalms. Others rang the church bells, and made so much noise that the member was compelled to leave the hall without delivering his address. As soon as he was gone the priest chanted a "Te Deum" as a thanksgiving for the overthrow of the socialist.

**Pugilists at Coronation.**

A week before the coronation of George IV., in 1821, a famous pugilist, known as "Gentleman" Jackson, acting under instructions from the earl marshal's office, was busily engaged in beating up fighting men for a peculiar purpose. That was to keep in check the supporters of Queen Caroline, who was threatening to create a disturbance outside of Westminster abbey. Jackson's auxiliaries, twenty in number, were attired as king's pages, and were stuck about the abbey gate. Their appearance was quite sufficient; not one of the aggrieved queen's sympathizers ventured to go near them. One was John Gully, who was in turn prize fighter, racing man, colliery proprietor and member of parliament.

**Remarkable Photography.**

One of the most charming happenings ever photographed by natural history camerists is the birth of a butterfly. Mr. Fred Enoch was the photographer. He depicts the whole event from the stage when the larva has slung itself by a silken girdle to a twig until the butterfly, fully developed, is poised on a leaf about to make the first trial of its wings. Mr. Enoch notes that in seven minutes from the time that the chrysalis first split the butterfly was fully developed, and from the moment that the skin opened until the new-born beauty was poised on the empty shell it emerged so quickly that exposures of a hundredth of a second only were given.

**Strange French Tax Law.**

Possession may be nine-tenths of the law, but the remaining tenth occasionally makes trouble, especially in France. A man in Paris had two motor cycles, on which he paid the annual tax uncomplainingly until the motor cycles were stolen from him two years ago. The law insists he should go on paying the taxes indefinitely, as he cannot prove he no longer possesses the cycles by returning the taxing plaques which were attached to the machines, and, of course, vanished with them. As long as he does not return the plaques the law considers he is in possession of the cycles and insists on the taxes being paid.

**Where Are the Pennies?**

Somewhere in the world there are 119,000,000 big cc. per pennies, but no body appears to know where they are.

## LEARNED CHAT ON EGGS

AFTER READING THIS ARTICLE YOU'LL KNOW THE SUBJECT THOROUGHLY.

**Some Men Eat Two Dozen a Day. While One Makes Other Folks Bilious—It's a Fifty More Attention Is Not Paid to Flavor.**

The finest eggs in the world are those of the quail, but no one likes to confess having eaten them, as it would be unsportsmanlike, writes Victor Smith, in his chatty way, in the New York Press. I have seen a country where "bob white" was so plentiful as to be a nuisance to the farmers, and as no one shot the bird for food, the nests were destroyed to prevent its natural increase. A dozen quail eggs would be a delicious meal. In cradling wheat we often discovered nests containing ten to fifteen eggs, and as the hen would desert these in the stubble it was no crime to appropriate them for the table. Quail are so scarce to-day that any one robbing a nest would go to jail or be shot.

**THE SUPPLY OF EGGS.**

The annual supply of eggs in the United States is said to be about 8,500,000,000, or more than 700,000,000 dozen, and their value is equal to that of the product of our gold and silver mines. Some men eat two dozen eggs a day, some do not eat two dozen in a year. They are supposed to render certain folk bilious. A raw egg may be digested in two hours, one soft boiled in three hours, hard boiled in three and one-half, fried in three and one-half, roasted in two and one-fourth. Did you ever roast an egg before the fire? Place on top of it a straw, and when it is done the straw will make a half revolution. A well roasted egg is a delicious morsel. In the days of wood fires it was more common to roast eggs than to boil them. Touchstone speaks of their being "ill-roasted, all on one side," and we are indebted to Pope for these lines:

One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;  
The vulgar boil, the learned roast, an egg.

**THE FLAVOR OF EGGS.**

Notwithstanding the vast consumption of eggs, no sort of attention is paid to their flavor. One egg is supposed to be just as good as another, so long as both are fresh. In most food products we pretend to be discriminating. We see a wonderful difference between a game chicken and a Cochon, between a Hamburg and a Plymouth Rock, when broiled for breakfast; between a puddle duck and an Aylesbury, between a bronze turkey and a Narragansett, etc., yet in eggs we notice but one quality, namely, that of soundness. We do not notice whether the shells are white, buff, yellow or speckled. We do not care whether they are laid by a Leghorn, Dorking, Dominique, Brahma or Black Spanish.

**LAWSON'S EGG FARM.**

Thomas Weighancher Lawson raises his own eggs. His hens being fed on the choicest food that money can buy, their product is correspondingly select. A hen fed on onions for a few days will impart a very distinct onion flavor to her eggs. It may, therefore, be assumed that other food will affect the taste in like manner, hence a hen that feeds in a filthy barnyard will not lay so good eggs as one fed on carefully prepared grain and dough. I should think every man able to own a farm would raise his own eggs, as Lawson does. However, some very rich persons prefer the scavenger puddle duck to the canvasback that fattens on celery. There is no poorer food than duck eggs, wild or tame, and no better than turkey eggs, wild or tame.

**SOME EGGIANA.**

The man who "gets eggs for his money" is easily imposed upon. When goslings want to drive the geese to pasture they are "teaching their grandmothers to walk eggs." To "tread upon eggs" is to suck eggs. An old-time method of choosing a saddle horse for the mother of the family was to test it on an "egg trot," that is, place eggs in panniers on either side of the saddle and urge the animal to a trot. If the eggs did not break the purchase was effected, other qualities being satisfactory. All of us have seen horses that could trot without so much as adding an egg, not to mention breaking it. Things as "like as two eggs" are supposed to be exactly alike; which is an error. "From the egg to the apples" means the whole dinner. A "bad egg" we are all familiar with, and occasionally one of us is it. There is a "duck's egg" in the game of cricket. "Golden eggs" are great profits.

**EGGS ON A SKEWER.**

To roast an egg properly is to first boil it, then, after removing the shell, take out the yolk, braid it up with spices, put it back again, put the egg on a skewer and roast it. If you have not eaten an egg thus prepared you have something to live for. It is the best of the 240 ways of cooking an egg.

**THE MUNDANE EGG.**

The greatest of eggs was the "mundane egg." The Phoenicians, Egyptians, Hindoos, Japanese and many other ancient nations maintained that the world was hatched from an egg made by the Creator. That is as good a theory as any. To accept it is to remove a million doubts.

**WATCH THE BASKET.**

"Don't put all your eggs in one basket" is as old as the hills, and has been the guide of countless successful

men. Recently Andrew Carnegie changed it to this: "Put all your eggs in one basket and watch the basket." Each points to a useful moral.

**RAISING CHICKENS.**

Frank Charles, who has had years of experience in the care and breeding of poultry, maintains that he will give a bond and guarantee that with less than \$5000 capital any one that understands the business can start a plant that will pay three per cent. the first year, twelve per cent. the second and third years, and fifty per cent. "for the balance of time;" and at the end of the third year have an establishment that can be sold for \$10,000 cash.

**A Pointer For Some Men.**

"Not one man in a hundred knows how to handle a lady's wrap when he acts as her escort," remarked a prominent woman's tailor the other day. "Look at that man now carrying his lady's black silk coat. He has it almost in a roll, and when she goes to put it on it will be a mass of wrinkles, and it will never look so well again. I don't see how she can go on talking so pleasantly to him when she sees her coat, unless he is her husband and she is sure he will pay for a new one."

"Yesterday I saw a man with a lady's full-length coat over his arm, carrying it so carelessly that one corner of its handsome lace collar dragged on the ground. I could not stand it, and so I said: 'Pardon me, sir, and I will show you how to hold that coat.' And I took it and shook it out from the back seam, then folded it lightly almost through the middle, taking care to put the lace and long silk ties inside, and then laid the coat over his arm. He did not seem to be very grateful; but it hurts my feelings to see beautiful clothes spoiled, even if I know that I will get the order to replace them. It is always easy to fold a coat from the back seam, and usually, if it is a woman's coat, it is just as well to carry it so the handsome lining shows. An unlined coat should, of course, not be turned wrongside out."—Philadelphia Record.

**Dried Potatoes.**

"Dried potatoes" is the name of a new product evolved by the South Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station. The potatoes are boiled, peeled and evaporated in a cannery, and will remain in perfect condition for years. The preserved potato becomes fit for eating after being soaked in warm water for an hour. Like many other new ideas, this promises to be a big thing. It insures to the farmer the perfect preservation of one of his most prolific and most important general food crops, at the same time fitting it for safe and economical shipment to distant markets heretofore closed to it, and effects these ends by a mode of preparation which is so simple and cheap that it can be employed on any farm. When it is noted that in one case stated in the table an acre of land yielded 357 bushels of raw potatoes, which in turn yielded 105 bushels of the dried product, the possibilities of the process in the way of developing the culture of the vegetable in the South and introducing it to the world's commerce and comfort begin to appear in truly vast proportions.—Charleston News and Courier.

**Stamped Checks by the Ton.**

Commissioner Yerkes, of the Internal Revenue Bureau, has been compelled to rent an outside building in which to receive and stock checks and drafts bearing imprinted stamps now being sent in for redemption. The original act providing for the redemption of these imprinted stamps limited the time within which they could be presented for redemption to two years from the time they were purchased from the Government. Subsequently that time was extended to January 1, 1904.

Almost immediately after the act was passed banks and large business houses began sending in their surplus stocks, and in a short time the quantity had reached the point where the weight threatened the walls of the rooms and corridors where they were stored, necessitating a prompt removal. Up to this time 194 tons have been destroyed or returned to the senders after cancellation, and there are now about sixty tons on hand, with the daily receipts almost equal to the cancellations.—Washington Post.

**The Dog and the Kettle.**

Mr. C. J. Cornish, in Animal Life (E. and S.), tells a story illustrative of the sound sense of a dog. A retriever not long ago was sent into a ditch to bring out a winged partridge. The dog picked up the scent, rushed along the bottom of the ditch under the brambles, and after a little groping about emerged on the bank of the ditch with an old rusty kettle, holding it by the handle. Laughter and chaff greeted this performance. "Stop a bit," said the dog's master. "Here, Rover, give it to me," and the dog brought the kettle to him. Taking it from his mouth his master put his hand into the kettle, the lid being off, and took out the partridge. Chased by the dog it had crept into the kettle to hide, and the dog, not being able to draw it out, just brought the lot.

**Fame and Success.**

It is justly observed that no man becomes famous except through the newspapers, and a philosophical advertiser says that no man can become successful in business except by the same means. The latter is the easier, because the business man can regulate the amount of his publicity himself.

In 1850 only one woman worked for wages to every ten men; now the ratio is one woman to four men.

## THE LARGEST HARVESTER:

It is Self-Moving, Cuts a Thirty-six Foot Swath and Weighs Over 100 Tons.

What is said to be the largest automobile in the world, and the largest combined harvester as well, is now at work on a big ranch in Central California, where it is being used in cutting 40,000 acres of barley. The big machine consists of a traction engine, capable of handling seventy-five tons, and which takes the place of sixty horses, a header or mowing machine, which cuts a swath thirty-six feet, and a threshing machine, all complete. The threshing machine and header are run by a thirty-horse-power engine, save that they both get steam from the same boiler.

The apparatus moves over the ground at different speeds, according to the thickness of the crop, while all the time the header and thresher are going at full speed, whether the grain be thick or thin. The average speed made is three and a half miles an hour, and 100 acres a day can be threshed by the machine.

The drive wheels of this monster traction engine are eight feet in diameter and have tires forty-eight inches wide, on which are ridges an inch and a half high. Eight men are employed on the thresher. Half a minute after the header starts to work the threshed grain begins to fall into the sacks on the other side from where it is cut, while the straw falls into a cart behind. The heads are carried away from the header by a draper, or moving belt, forty-eight inches wide. They are carried through a colander, which breaks the beard from the barley and shells it at the same time, then by a narrow belt through two cleaners and finally to a bin, from which it is sacked. The sacks are sewed and set aside as fast as filled. When twelve sacks have been filled they are allowed to slide off the cart on which they are stacked to the ground. Likewise when the straw cart is full it is dumped.

This giant automobile is sixty-one feet long and half as wide, weighing over 100 tons. It uses oil as fuel, necessitating the use of four horses to haul oil and the water for the boiler as it travels around large areas.—Los Angeles Herald.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

It does not follow that the archer aimed because the arrow hit.

The genius is the man or the woman who finds plenty of reason why impossibilities should be accomplished.

Patriots are of two kinds—those who are ready to fight and die for their country, and those who are ready to work for and live on it. The United States fortunately has both kinds.

A man need not to care for more knowledge than to know himself; he needs no more pleasure than to content himself; no more victory than to overcome himself; no more riches than to enjoy himself.

Each of us, whether rich or poor, young or old, can bestow upon some sin-wounded, discouraged soul the healing balm of kind words. Like the sunbeam and the raindrop falling on the withering flowers, they will bear to it life, courage, hope and return to the giver a rich benediction.

It is much more easy to get discordant sounds from a harp than to get harmony, but that this is true is no fault of the harp. Oftentimes he who complains of the coldness, or the indifference, or the irritability of a friend, might well consider that it is the player who is responsible for the sweet music.

**The Home of a Fierce Gull.**

The Orkneys and Shetlands, which must soon be the scene of a by election, must be the most difficult constituency in the United Kingdom to canvass, says the Westminster Gazette. The distance from the most northerly to the most southerly point in the constituency is little less than 200 miles. Within this area are to be found no fewer than 156 islands, though, of course, a large number are not inhabited, except by the wildfowl.

The most remote spots in the constituency are Foula and Fair Islands, each of which lies about twenty-five miles from the main group of islands. Fair Island is celebrated as the spot on which a large Spanish galleon went ashore at the time of the Spanish Armada; and it is said that the population of the island at the present day shows many traces of Spanish descent. Foula rises 1400 feet out of the sea, and is sometimes thought to be the "Ultima Thule" of Tacitus. As in the rest of the Shetlands, the population is Norse, and even the language survived till the end of the eighteenth century. It is almost the only remaining breeding place of the Skua gull, a bird so fierce that it is a match for the eagle.

**Steel Fishing Boats.**

Steel steamships are now employed in halibut fishing on the Pacific coast. Thirty-two fishermen with sixteen boats start out from the ship when it reaches the fishing grounds, 500 miles from Vancouver. Each boat has a trawl line one and one-half miles long, with hooks six feet apart baited with herring. These lines are weighted and continuously spread around until the grounds are completely girdled. The lines when drawn in average a catch of 60,000 pounds, the halibut running from twenty-five to fifty pounds. Special refrigerator cars are being attached to fast passenger trains to carry the fresh fish to the Atlantic seaboard for Eastern consumption.

**The Pleasures of Despair.**

The pleasures of despair are the last allowed to us. This and the love of money are the final joys, after the mind has upheld an ideal until worn out.—New York News.

ESTABLISHED 1883.

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## CHANCES OF A BURGLAR.

He is Not the One Usually Who is in Danger.

A man who was arrested by local detectives a few weeks ago and afterward sent to the penitentiary on a charge of burglary, talked freely to the officer concerning his manner of living:

"Will you tell me why you prefer a life of crime to that of an honest, up-right man?" the detective asked him. "I have often wondered," added the officer, "why burglars will take such desperate chances, when so frequently there is but little to be gained."

"But we don't take the chances," said the burglar. "The man who comes after us takes the chances. He takes his life in his own hands when he leaves his bed-chamber and goes in pursuit of an unwelcome caller. The odds are all against him and in favor of us. We know where we are and have an idea from where the occupant of the house will come. Of course, we only go to rob, and, when necessary, to fight. No burglar is going to get caught if he can help it, even if he has to resort to murder."

"Still," the detective reasoned, "you are bound to be in danger some time, and that some time I should think, would deter you from taking the chances."

"There are remote chances," the burglar said, "but they are so remote that they are never considered. If you will consult the records you will see that not one burglar in a hundred cases ever gets hurt. Until there is a great charge in the results you may depend upon it that burglaries will not cease."—Washington Star.

## LIFE'S HARVEST.

They are mowing the meadows, now, and the whispering, sighing song of the scythe breathes sweet on mine idle ear— Song of old summer dead, and of this one dying— Roses on roses fallen, and year on year.

Softly as swatches that sink while the long scythe, swinging, Passes and pauses and sweeps through the deep green grass; Strange how this song of the scythe sets the old days singing— Echoes of seasons gone, and of these that pass.

Fair ghost of Youth—from your sea-fragrant orchard—closes Called by the voice of the scythe as it sighs and swings— Tell me now as you toss me your phantom roses.

What was the dream you dreamed through those vagrant Springs?

What that forgotten air when the heart went maying What was the perfume blowing afar, anear?

"Youth—Youth—Youth"—the Scythe keeps sighing and saying—"The rose you saw not—the tune that you could not hear."

—Rosemond Marriott Watson in Harper's.

## World's Oldest Brick Plant.

The oldest brick plant in the world is believed to be that at Nivaagaard, Denmark, which recently celebrated its second centenary. The plant began operations in 1701 for the purpose of manufacturing brick and terra cotta, to be used in building a castle for Queen Louise. The records show an output of 350,000,000 bricks in 200 years, about half of which were produced in the last twenty-five years.

## THE COOLEST GLASS OF BEER IN THE CITY.

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**Practical Undertaker,**  
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